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THE ESSAYIST.

PIETY has its foundation in human nature. It approves itself to all our best feelings, it recommends itself to us by its own intrinsic loveliness. Nothing can be more natural, nothing more beautiful, than a rational piety to God. We are so formed by our Creator as to adore what is great, admire what is excellent, and love what is good. And wherein does piety to God consist but in adoring, and admiring, and loving a Being who possesses all these qualities in perfection? A being, who far surpasses all other beings in majesty and benignity? "For who in the Heavens can be compared unto the Lord? Who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto our God?" Ought we not then to cherish and exhibit towards the Deity those feelings and affections, which his true character is adapted to call forth? This is piety; and surely there is nothing in it that is repulsive to nature; nothing that is visionary or extravagant. Indeed not to possess it would be in the highest degree unnatural and offensive to the very first principles on which we act. We love our friends; ought we not then to love our greatest Friend? We repay with gratitude our benefactors; ought we not to do this to our greatest Benefactor? "We have had fathers in the flesh, and we have done them reverence," ought we not to pay this same reverence to our heavenly Father, and Father of all? In short, piety to God is so natural and reasonable, that it cannot but live in the mind of every one whose heart is right. And wherever we do not find it existing, we may conclude that the affections of that man are perverted, or his sensibility lost.

MELANCHOLY.

I come at the evening hour—when the stars of love shine softly from the azure heavens—when the sweet smiles of the moon fall gently on the shadowy grove below—and infuse my spirit into the meditative bosom. I come at the *mid-night* season, when all is dark around and all is silent there, save when the Whip-poor-will is heard, Chanticleer's more cheering voice comes gaily from the neighbouring bower—I gaze with rapture on the setting sun: I watch his golden beams as they shed a halo on the wood-crowned hill—and listen with delight to the *ocean waves* as they foam and dash against the rocky shore—I wander where the *forest* rises in all its grand and impressive majesty—and dear is the night song of the *winds* as they whistle round some isolated dwelling—I love the *thunder's tone*—and the lightning's flash, amid the deepening gloom, and stray where the cataract is heard through the uncultivated wilds of nature—mine are the *autumnal* skies—the *withered* leaf—and *fading beauty* of nature in decay.

I am the "soul of song." To me *music* owes its most subduing charm—and to *poesy* I give the pathos and the passion which soften and soothe the heart—and *Love* too knows my influence—I not only create its *enthusiasm*—but give a *constancy* to its rapturous emotion:—Of *Genius* too I am the chosen companion—not only the *lover* and the *poet* are mine—but I dwell in the classic halls where wisdom and science hold their court—and throw my mystic spells around their votaries—To *Devotion* also, I give an energy and zeal—I am not a dark and gloomy bower—but "a nymph of mild though pensive mien"—born to captivate but the *feeling heart*.

A SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

The tear of the morning hangs on the hawthorn, and impels the rose. In the day of my joy, my cheek was likened to the blushing beauty of that lovely flower: and though it has long since lost its crimson, it still retains a partial similitude, for the tear is on it. But alas! no cheering sun exhales my sorrow: and the crystal that stole forth in the morning from my eyelids holds its place in the midnight hour.

Thus answered Elvira. I went on—And is love, said I, the cankerworm that has preyed on thy beauty? Does that torturing passion make thee shed the ceaseless tear?

No, replied Elvira, love gave me all its choicest blessings. During five years I rioted on its pleasures, and this world was a heaven to me. William, it is true is no more; but he died in the field of honor; he is recorded with those heroes who fought and fell for their country. I bathed his wounds, his last words blest me, and his expiring sigh was breathed forth in my bosom. I wept the briny tears of honest sorrow; but I had my consolation, my William loved none but me, and still he lived in the blest image which he left me of himself.

It was my duty and it soon became my sole delight, to point out to the darling boy the path in which his sire had trod, and to instil in his expanding mind the emulation of paternal virtue.

His young breast had felt the glowing flame, and he was wont to weep when I led him to the grave which glory had dug for his father.

But he too is taken from me. He sleeps beneath this turf which I adorn with flowers. Here my fancy feeds my sorrow, and this sacred shrine of affection I shall daily visit till weary nature conducts me to my husband and my child.

The ceremonies attendant upon taking the *Black Veil*, were performed at the Convent in Georgetown, yesterday; when the vows which were to separate her from the world, and to confine her in future within the precincts of the Convent, were taken by Miss Jones, daughter of Com. Jones, of the United States Navy. The *White Veil* was taken by Miss Jones about a year since.

THE REPOSITORY.

INVIOLENT AFFECTION.

"As friends decay we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart,
Till loosen'd life but breathing clay,
Without a pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy they who latest feel the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er ev'ry friend laid low,
Dragg'd, ling'ring on from partial death to death,
And dying—all they can resign is breath."

There are some persons who seem to have been born with the very spirit of skepticism in them, and too, to such a degree that they doubt the very existence of the God who made them—but, all nature teaches us there is a God—

"As if the clay without the potter's aid
Should rise in various forms and shapes, self-made,
Or world above with orb o'er orb profound,
Self-mov'd, could run the everlasting round.
It cannot be—unerring Wisdom guides
With eye propitious and o'er all presides."

There are others too, who from *disaffection*, *prejudice*, or *bad example*, are induced to doubt the existence of any one good principle; but of all such, they must truly be miserable; to be thus in doubt—to be always in doubt—Heavens! who would ask life at such a price. But the principal passion I mean to speak of at this time is "*Invincible Affection*." I will illustrate it by the following incident, which is but one among many that might be named. It was in the metropolis of B—, that Henry Edwards first inhaled the breath of life; in the same neighbourhood was the birth place of Caroline Roseville. They both grew up in childish intimacy, which finally ripened into the most unbounded attachment of affection, and was cherished by the approbation of the parents of each.—Henry having finished his studies at home, went on a foreign tour of pleasure, and for the enlargement of his accomplished abilities; his correspondence with his friends gave them exalted satisfaction, and proof of how much he had enjoyed his tour and improved his time. His letters to Caroline were such as evinced the utmost wishes of his heart, in that of the consummation of their nuptials, which was to take place immediately on his return; but how little did he dream of the passing events at home. Caroline whose health was delicate, although passingly good when he left home, was now labouring under an insidious and rapid consumption; her friends were alarmed; the glazed forehead, the hectic cough, the occasional feverish flush of her once rosy, but now pallid cheeks, gave but little hope of her long continuance with them. It was one day, just past meridian, when the luminous rays of the sun were beaming less brilliant, and that gentle orb was winging its course to its ephemeral rest, that the family were called to the chamber of the dying Caroline. She anticipated the event of death with much composure, and took a kind and affectionate leave of her parents and

friends; in taking leave of her only brother, she confided to his care a crucifix, and an elegant ring, on which was this motto, "Inviolable Affection," both of which were the gifts of Henry; "Take them," she said, "tell Henry 'tis the first time I have ever parted with them, and only now, when life is in its glimmer." She then reclined back on the pillowed couch, and all was still, and hushed in melancholy silence—not a movement was apparent, save only, that at intervals the attentive and affectionate sister of Henry would moisten the lips of the dying girl with a refreshing nectar. Although Henry was daily and even hourly expected, yet every hope had fled the bosoms of his friends of his seeing again the living choice of his most ardent love. Every eye was now pensively and anxiously gazing on the almost lifeless Caroline; when the door was suddenly opened and the trembling Henry tottering to the bed side that contained all he held dear in life.—"This roused them all from the lethargy of their feelings.—Caroline opened her eyes, and seeing Henry before her, raised herself from the pillow; this was an effort beyond her strength—Henry put his arm around her, he pressed her lips—she clasped his hand, and with these silent greetings, her soul winged its way to the celestial regions. He still held the lifeless body in his arms till he was taken away, nearly as inanimate as the corps itself.—From that time irreclaimable grief sat heavy on his mind. All efforts of his friends to reclaim his vivacity were unavailing; change of scenes; change of climate gave no relief to his diseased mind. Indeed! there was nothing that in the least degree ameliorated the sickness of his heart. "I am sensible," said he, "how much my friends would do to make me happy, and for their sakes I wish I could be so, but my happiness is for another world, my spirit lingers with regret, it longs to be in the celestial regions, with her to whom it is so closely allied, and soon it will be! Yes Caroline! ere long, and I come to meet you." The progress of his complaint baffled every effort of skill, a few months, and the impervious shade of death came over him, he died easy, and without a groan—of a BROKEN HEART!—*City Record.* L.

A RATIONAL AMBITION.

Among the gratest of all blessings, that of being contented with our lot is one of the most desirable. No matter what that lot may be:—if to labor under the rays of a fierce intolerable sun, or to repose in comfortable obscurity in a cottage—if to pine amid the luxuries of a palace, or to live neglected in the bustle of a populous city, there is still a virtue, a philosophy in making ourselves contented with our condition.—In not aspiring to what we cannot attain, or rendering ourselves miserable in disappointed efforts to soar beyond our reach. Contentment with happiness, is wealth, and we have every motive to be content with our lot from the reflection that, however miserable we may imagine ourselves, there are others, though unseen by us, more miserable.

Amidst the many great and invaluable blessings which our public institutions & form of government dispense with a liberal hand an equality of rights may be considered the greatest. The highest office in the nation is attainable by

all: every citizen is not equally qualified, and here is the stumbling block. We all know we are eligible, and yet forget that circumstances & education have not qualified us, and instead of following the beaten, successful, happy and profitable track marked out for us in early life we attempt to soar and fall; we lose the substance in grasping for the shadow.

The mechanic, who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, is the most independent of men, his ingenuity and industry supply the wants and comforts of others, who, in their turn, repay his labour, not only by affording him the substantial, but even the luxuries of life. However clever that mechanic may be in his peculiar line, he will fail when he bolts from the road, and pursues a new and intricate business. The humble but trite proverb, of "Shoemaker stick to your last," is full of instruction. When you ask a rich mechanic to leave his profitable business, and to accept a seat in the cabinet, or act as president of a bank, you lead him from a profitable business, which he understands, to bewilder him with difficulties, and to pursue an ignis fatuus and, for the folly of a title and a name, he sacrifices his hard earned gains, and, finally, has to return to the very employment that he abandoned with so much indifference, and to fight his way up again in the world.

Let us be contented with our lot. Fortunes are rarely acquired rapidly, and at the same time honestly; but if chance should favour some, the old proverb will again be quoted, "Light come, light go." One dollar painfully earned is more valued than one hundred chance gains; the very facility of getting money is a misfortune, for we neglect its value, and when it is all gone we see our error.

NOAH.

A TRUE STORY.

The following has been communicated to us as a "*fact matter*:"

In a neighboring county, a widower who had acted the part of a brute and a tyrant to his wife, went, shortly after the demise of his spouse, to pay his respects to a buxom widow, who, like her suitor, had not the best reputation for suavity of manners and meekness of temper. The following dialogue ensued.

He—Well, Madam, I am come to see you.

Her—Well, you may just clear out again, for I'll have nothing to do with you. You needn't think to get me. You abused and whipt your first wife—and I know what kind of a fellow you are.

He—Yes, I did, and if I had you, I'd make you *too* the *trig*—I'd give you a d—d good thrashing every time you deserved it.

Strange as it may appear, they were united in the "blissful bands of matrimony" in three days afterwards!

"Was ever woman in this humor wou'd?"

"Was ever woman in this humor wou'd?"

Ohio Press.

SHAKESPEARE.

To Mrs. Pinckney, the wife of Col. Charles Pinckney, a British officer once said—"It is impossible not to admire the intrepid firmness of the ladies of your country. Had your men but half their resolution, we might give up the contest. America would be invincible.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

TO THE UNMARRIED.

Of all the gratifications human nature can enjoy, and of all the delights it is formed to impart, none is equal to that which springs from a long tried and mutual affection. The happiness which arises from conjugal felicity is capable of withstanding the attacks of time, grows vigorous in age, and animates the heart with pleasure and delight when the vital fluid can scarcely force a passage through it.

No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife, let him be ever so frugal, industrious, or successful; and it avails nothing if she is unfaithful to his trust or profusely squanders in pleasure and dissipation, those sums which toil and application gained: but if she unites in mutual endeavours, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort either to his Merchandise or farm? fly over lands? sail upon the sea? meet difficulty and encounter danger—if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! How delightful is it to have a friend to cheer, and a companion to soothe the solitary hours of grief and pain! Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of any man's life, and he is but half provided for his voyage, who finds but an associate for happy hours while for his months of darkness no sympathizing partner is prepared!

Prudence and foresight can neither ward off the stroke of disease, nor prevent the calamities which are ordained by Heaven. Affluence cannot purchase release from pain, nor tenderness cool a fever in the blood; yet there is an ear opened to the married man's complaint; a heart ready to sympathize in his sorrows; an eye bedewed with tender drops of compassion; and a life that is absolutely bound up in his; and as enjoyment derives additional relish from anticipation, so misery loses the poignancy of its garb in the bosom formed for sympathetic kindness.

A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER ON MARRIAGE.

You are now, my beloved child, about to leave those arms which have hitherto cherished you, and directed your every step, and at length conducted you to a safe, happy, and honourable protection, in the very bosom of love and honor. You must now be no longer the flighty, inconsiderate, haughty, passionate girl, but ever, with reverence and delight, have the merit of your husband in view. Reflect how vast the sum of your obligation to the man who confers upon you independence, distinction, and above all, felicity. Moderate, then, my beloved child, your private expenses, and proportion your general expenditure to the standard of his fortune, or rather his wishes. I fear not that, with your education and principles, you can ever forget the more sacred duties, so soon to be your sphere of action. Remember the solemnity of your vows, the dignity of your character, the sanctity of your condition. You are amenable to society for your example, to your husband for his honor and happiness, and to Heaven itself for those rich talents intrusted to your care and your improvement.

AMERICAN WOMEN.

The zeal with which the cause of liberty was embraced by the women of America, during the war of our revolution, has often been mentioned with admiration and praise. The following anecdotes will forcibly illustrate the extent and strength of this patriotic feeling.

Mrs. Daniel Hall having obtained permission to pay a visit to her mother on John's Island, was on the point of embarking, when an officer stepped forward, and in the most authoritative manner demanded the key of her trunk.—“What do you expect to find there?” said the lady. “I seek for treason,” was the reply.—“You may save yourself the trouble of search, then,” said Mrs. Hall—“You may find a plenty of it at my tongue's end.”

An officer, distinguished by his inhumanity, and constant oppression of the unfortunate, meeting Mrs. Charles Elliot in a garden adorned with a great variety of flowers, asked the name of the camomile, which appeared to flourish with peculiar luxuriance—the *Rebel Flower*, she replied. “Why was that name given to it?” said the officer. “Because,” rejoined the lady, “it thrives most when most trampled upon!”

So much were the ladies attached to the whig interest, habituated to injuries, and so resolute in supporting them, that they would jocosely speak of misfortunes, though at that moment severely suffering under their pressure. Mrs. Sabina Elliot having witnessed the activity of an officer, who had ordered the plundering of poultry houses, finding an old Muscovy drake which had escaped the general search, still staying about the premises, had him caught, and mounting a servant on horseback, ordered him to follow and deliver the bird to the officer, with her compliments, as she concluded that in the hurry of departure, it had been left *altogether by accident*.

The contrivances adopted by the ladies, to carry from the British garrison supplies to the gallant defenders of their country, were highly creditable to their ingenuity, and of infinite utility to their friends. The cloth of many a military coat, concealed with art, and not unfrequently made an appendage to female attire, has escaped the vigilance of the guards, expressly stationed to prevent smuggling, and speedily converted into regimental shape, and worn triumphantly in battle. Boots have in many instances, been relinquished by the delicate wearer to the active partizan. I have seen a horseman's helmet concealed by a well arranged head dress, and epauletts delivered from the folds of the simple cap of a matron. Feathers and cockades were much in demand, and so cunningly hid and handsomely presented, that he could have been no true Knight, who did not feel the obligation to *defend them to the last extremity*.

In the indulgence of wanton asperities towards the patriotic Fair, the aggressors were not unfrequently answered with a keenness of repartee that left them little cause for triumph. The haughty Tarleton vaunting his feats of gallantry to the great disparagement of the officers of the continental cavalry, said to a lady at Wilmington, “I have a very earnest desire to see

your far famed hero, Col. Washington.”—“Your wish, Col. might have been fully gratified,” she promptly replied, “had you ventured to look behind you after the battle of Cowpens.” It was in this battle that Washington had wounded Tarleton in the hand, which gave rise to a still more pointed retort. Conversing with Mrs. Wiley Jones, Tarleton observed: “You appear to think very highly of Col. Washington, and yet I have been told, that he is so ignorant a fellow, that he can hardly *write his own name*.” “It may be the case,” she readily replied, “but no man better than yourself, Col. can testify, that he knows how to make *his mark*.”

REPORTERS FOR THE LONDON NEWSPAPERS

From an entertaining notice of men and things in London, lately published under the title of *Babylon the Great*.

“In the apartment, and it is sometimes neither a very large or a very wholesome apartment—where the reports are written out, it may happen that there are ten individuals, all writing at the same instant; and so mingling their voices in jokes, tales, inquiries, and so breaking the eloquence with pauses for tankards of ale and basins of tea, and mutton chops and German sausages, and all other materials for supporting and strengthening man, that it would puzzle all the conjurers in the world excepting those conjurers at the waving of whose wands the printed eloquence makes its appearance to find out how any work of any kind could be done amid a confusion of sound, and of circumstances so perfectly Babylonian. But it seems, if there be a stamina in the mind, and if the spur of necessity be applied to it with sufficient smartness, it cannot on y work but as orderly as a mathematician, and as strongly as a giant, even when circumstances seem the least favorable for its exercise.

“Notwithstanding all the wit, all the ribaldry and all the replenishing, which the exhaustion of such steam engine-like labor requires, each of them contrives, at the end of every minute or two, to toss from him a slip of paper, so carefully written that it requires no future correction; and so close to the subject, that he of whose speech it forms a part, has no disposition to quarrel with it. In consequence of this promptitude and division of labour, it very often happens, that before a parliamentary orator has got half way to his peroration, the editor or other director is reading in print, the opening part of his speech, and cudgeling his editorial intellect as to how he may give it effect or answer according as it happens to fall in, or not fall in, with the view which it pleases or suits his editorial ardor, or his editorial policy, to take of the matter at issue.

“There have been instances, in which long, laborious and learned pleadings of counsel have been delivered, at not a very early hour of the day, sent up to town from a distance of forty, fifty, or sixty miles printed, published, returned back again, read by the counsel who delivered them, and by him pronounced to be a faithful copy, not only of his meaning, but of his words, before the opening of the court called him to a renewal of his labors on the following morning. There are instances too, in which lengthened

reports have been copied out upon the top of a mail coach; and when an important trial takes place within some twenty or thirty miles, it is printed without much more loss of time, than if it took place at Guildhall, or in the Courts or Chapel at Westminster.”

BIOGRAPHY.

COOKE AND INCLEDON.

Cooke and Incledon, after playing at the Richmond Theatre, retired to the Star and Garter to sup together. The convivial habits of these two *histrionics* are well known; but soaker as Incledon was, he was by no means a match for George Frederick, and accordingly was the first who felt inclined to retire from the contest, and exclaim, “hold! enough!” “Sit ye down, Charley! sit ye down man,” said Cooke, “we’ll have another bottle.” “No, no, my dear fellow—’tis late—’tis late—besides I’ve to sing before the king and the queen to-morrow night, you know, at the Covent Garden Theatre, and must be careful of my voice, so good night—good night” “Phoo! phoo! sit ye down, man—sit ye down. I tell you we’ll have another bottle.” “Impossible, my dear fellow, impossible. I’ve to sing before the king and the queen, and—” “Sit ye down, I say—sit ye down. Your voice! by heaven! ’tis harmony! the music of the spheres, Sir! and another bottle!”—“Upon my soul! now—” “Here! waiter!” “I tell you I—” “Well, sing me the Storm first—the Storm, my bully boy!” “No, no, not to night, my dear fellow—not to night.” “Come, Cease rude bore—as—” “Impossible! I’ve to sing before the king and the queen, and—” “You won’t, then!” “Not to night, good bye—good bye.” “You shall though, Charley—you shall sing me the Storm before morning,” said Cooke; and Incledon retired. He had not been long asleep, however, before he was awoken by two constables, who, approaching the bed, immediately seized him. “Hands off,” vociferated our vocalist, as soon as passion permitted him to speak. “Hands off, I say! what do you mean, ye rascals?” “Come, come, no nonsense; bless you! we knows the whole.” “The whole!” “Ay, so put on your things quietly, Muster Smith, and come with us.” “Muster Smith! I’m Charles Incledon, ye villains! Charles Incledon, sirrah! the native vocalist! I’ve to sing before the king and the queen to-morrow night, and unless you bundle this instant—” “I tell you it won’t do, we knows you. Charles Incledon, indeed! ha! ha! ha! that’s a good one, aint it, Sam? What! I suppose you didn’t rob that there poor woman of her bundle this here blessed morning, upon the green yonder.” “I tell you I’m Charles Incledon—my friend George Frederick Cooke is now in the house, and will tell you the same.” “Muster Cooke! why that’s the gentleman as informed against you. Howsomdever if you’re Charles Incledon, you can sing the Storm, you know.” “To be sure, I can, ye scoundrels—to be sure I can sing the Storm indeed! only stand aside, and I’ll soon—” So saying, he cleared his pipes, and in this situation poured forth this celebrated ditty, with his usual pathos and power, at the conclusion of which Cooke

thrust his head from behind the curtain, and saying with a sneer, "*I told you you should sing the Storm before morning, Charley,*" left him to his repose.

MR. BURKE.

"What Johnson termed 'Burke's affluence of conversation,' and which he so highly prized and frequently talked of, often proved, as may be supposed, a source of mingled wonder and admiration to others. Few men of education but were impressed by it, and fewer still who had the opportunity of being in his society frequently, forgot the pleasure they had thus enjoyed. Many years after this period, Mr. Burke and a friend travelled through Litchfield, for the first time, stopped to change horses, when, being desirous to see more of a place which had given birth to his friend Johnson than a casual glance afforded, they strolled toward the cathedral. One of the Canons observing two respectable strangers making inquiries of the attendants, very politely came up to offer such explanations as they desired, when a few minutes only had elapsed before the feeling of superior information on such matters, with whom he had met them, became changed to something like amazement at the splendour, depth, and variety, of the conversation of one of the strangers. No matter what topic started, whether architecture, antiquities, ecclesiastical history, the revenues, persecutions, or the lives of the early ornaments and leading Members of the Church; he touched upon them all with the readiness and accuracy of a master. They had not long separated when some friends of the Canon met him hurrying along the street; 'I have had,' said he, 'quite an adventure; I have been conversing for this half hour past with a man of the most extraordinary powers of mind and extent of information, which it has ever been my fortune to meet with, and I am now going to the inn to ascertain, if possible, who this stranger is.' There he learnt that his late companion, who had just set off, was the celebrated Mr. Burke; he regretted much that he had not known this sooner; and his friends that they had not had an opportunity of knowing or seeing him at all. The circumstance formed an exemplification of Johnson's remark, that wherever met with, he was never to be mistaken for an ordinary man.

CAIUS MARIUS.

CAIUS MARIUS, was born of obscure and indigent parents, who supported themselves by labor, passed the early part of his life in such employments as added strength to his muscles, and vigor to his nerves. He made his first campaign under Scipio Africanus who remarked his superior courage; and he having slain an enemy in the sight of his General, received several marks of favor from his hands—and amongst others was invited to his table—On one of these occasions, Scipio being asked "where the Romans should find another General when he was gone," put his hand upon the shoulder of Marius, and said "here perhaps."—This circumstance kindled the spark of ambition that was in his soul, into a perfect flame, and he from that time devoted his whole attention to affairs of State. Metellus being chosen Consul to conduct the war in Africa, appointed C. Marius

his lieutenant, but he soon treated Metellus with ingratitude, doing and saying every thing possible to lower him in the estimation of the army, and render him unpopular at Rome, in the last of which he succeeded, so far as to get himself appointed Consul in his stead; so that although the war was nearly finished, the capture of Jugurtha gave him all the credit, and the Senate decreed him a triumph in which the fallen Jugurtha was led, loaded with chains. He received the honors of the Consulate six times, and was appointed in his old age to the command against Mithridates, but Sylla who had the command of the forces, not only refused to deliver up to the Tribunes sent by Marius, but instigated the soldiers to a rebellion and marched at the head of 30,000 men to the gates of Rome. Marius was unable to make much resistance, and having put to death some of Sylla's friends, was forced to fly—He embarked in a ship at Ostia, and after having undergone a series of calamities, at last reached Carthage. The Governor of Africa was Sextilius, who had neither received injury or favor from Marius—but he hoped for a kind reception from the Prætor on the score of pity: in this he was disappointed, for he had hardly landed before he was saluted by an officer with a message from Sextilius, desiring him to leave Africa, and informing him, that his non-compliance would force the execution of the Senate's decree against him. This mortified him very much, and it was some minutes before he made his celebrated answer, "Go and tell him thou hast seen the exiled Marius, sitting on the ruins of Carthage," by which he held up as warnings to the Prætor—his own situation and the fate of that once opulent city.

PORTRAIT OF TALLEYRAND, BY LADY MORGAN.

"I had frequently seen this celebrated personage, and future historical character, at court, upon other public occasions in the bustle of procession, at the nuptial pomp of the royalty, under the holy dome of Notre Dame, at the deepest tragedy, at the liveliest comedy, amidst the solemnity of the royal chapel, and the revelry of the feasting court—but I saw him always the same; cold, motionless; not abstracted, but unoccupied; not absent, but unmoved;—no tint varying the colourless line of his lived complexion; no expression marking its character on his passive countenance. His figure seemed the shell of a human frame despoiled of its organic arrangements, or, if the heart beat, or the brain vibrated, no power of penetration could reach the recesses of the one, or guess at the workings of the other. From the mind of this man the world seemed contemptuously shut out—and if this most impassable form and face indicated character or opinion, one would have thought, at the first glance, this is surely the being who has said, '*Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts.*' It seemed as if the intimacy of love, the confidence of friendship, the community of counsel, could never draw the mind to that countenance, which amidst all the vicissitudes, versatility, changes, and contrasts in the life of its owners, had never been

"A book, in which men read strange things."

It was indeed a book, written in a dead language.

"A laughable incident occurred during a visit of this celebrated personage to the old Prince of Conde, who though he still retained his natural urbanity and politeness had in a great measure lost his memory. He addressed M. Talleyrand several times by a title that did not belong to him, and his valet endeavoured to set him right, by whispering to him the real name of his visitor. The old Prince flying into a passion, demanded of the servant how he dared to mention to him the name of such a scoundrel; and turning to Talleyrand himself, asked him if he knew the rascal. "My Lord" replied this arch hypocrite, "it has been two years since I knew the person of whom you speak."

NOTICES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

Extract from "The Notes of a Marylander," published in the Baltimore American.

The Hon. C. CARROLL, of Carrollton, at the time he signed the Declaration of Independence, was said to be amongst the wealthiest men in the Colonies—yet he was foremost with those who urged the revolutionary tide. No love of change, no expectation of improving his fortune, stimulated this disinterested Patriot. He had every thing to lose, but nothing to gain. The love of freedom, the love of country, alone actuated him. Our cause was the cause of right and justice, against oppression and tyranny—resistance was virtue; and no man possessed a larger share.

The admiration felt for Mr. Carroll, is of the most unqualified kind—his virtues are preeminent—his manners are striking—a more perfect personification of a "gentleman," in a proper acceptation of the word, cannot be found in any country. I have been told by a person who has possessed the intimacy of a child in his family for many years, that he never was seen angry—was never known to speak harshly to a servant: Such is the amiable disposition, with which nature has endowed him.

It is true, that few men have been more blessed in fortune, in family, and in those gifts of nature, so essential to happiness; to this, his long life and good health may in some degree be attributed—as also to the great abstemiousness he has ever observed. From the most sumptuous table he always rises with an appetite; eating not more than would serve a child—drinking, perhaps, a glass of wine. His religious duties are attended to with the most scrupulous exactness. As a father and a master, he is a model of affection and mildness. Well may our State be proud of possessing the last of those precious men, who proclaimed our freedom; willing to yield up life, to sustain that hallowed Declaration.

I would not have failed to have seen and known Mr. Carroll on any account; because I look upon him as the brightest ornament of Maryland.—who I believe, never did an act the world might not have seen, or had a thought his friends might not have known.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

From the Notes Ambrosianæ of Blackwood's Magazine.

—*Shepherd.*—What yawns have I not seen in kirks! The women, at least the young ones, dinna like to open their mouths verra wide, for it's no becoming, and they're feared that the lads may be glowing at them; so they just pucker up their bit lips, draw in their breath, haud down their heads, and put up their hauns to their chafis to conceal a suppressed gait, and then straightenin' themselves up, pretend to be hearkenin' to the practical conclusions.

Tickler.—And pray, James, what business have you to be making such observations during service?

Shepherd.—I'm speakin' o' ither years, Mr. Tickler, and human nature's the same noo as in the ninety-eighth. As for the auld wives, they lay their big-bonnetted heads on their shoulther, and fa' ower into a deep sleep at ance: yet you'll never hear a single ane amongst them committin' a snore. I've often wondered at that, for mair of the commers hae sonorous noses when lyin' beside the guide man, and may be heard through a' the house, as regular as clock work.

Tickler.—Yes, James, the power of the mind over itself in sleep is indeed inexplicable. The worthy fat old matron says to herself, as her eyes are closing, "I must not snore in the kirk," and she snores not—at the most a sort of snuffle. How is this?

Shepherd.—Noo and then you'll see an ill-fatured, pock-marked, back-aviced hizzie in the front laft, opposite the poopit, wha hae naething to hoop frae our sine o' the house, openin' the great muckle agly mouth o' her, like that o' a bull trout in Tarras Moas, as if she ware etlin to s' allow the minister.

North.—James, James, spare the softer sex!

Shepherd.—But the curiousest thing to observe about the lasses when they are gettin' drowsy during the sermon, is their een. First a glazedness comes over them, and the lids fa' down, and are lifted up at the rate o' about ten in the minute. Then the poor creatures gie their heads a shake, and unwilling to be overcome, try to find out the verse the minister may be quotin'; but a' in vain, for the hummin stillness of the kirk subdues them into sleep, and the sound o' the preacher is in their lugs like that o' a waterfa'.

North.—Your words, James, are like poppy and mandragora.

Shepherd.—Then a' te gither inconscious o' what they're doin', they fix their glimmerin' een upon your face, as if they were dyin' for love o' you, and keep nid noddin upon you for great part o' ane o' the dizen divisions of the discourse. You may gie a bit lauch at them wi' the corner o' your ee, or touch their fit wi' yours aneath the table, and they'll never see much as ken ye're in the same seat, and finally, the soft-rounded chin drops down towards the bonnie bosom; the blue veined violet eye-lids close the twilight whose dewey fall it was sae pleasant to behold; the rose-bud lips, slightly apart, reveal teeth as pure as lily leaves, and the bonny innocent is as sound asleep as her sister at hame in its rockin cradle.

North.—My dear James, there is so much feeling in your description, that, bordering though it be on the tacetious, it yet leaves a deep impression on my mind of the Sabbath-service in one of our lowly kirks.

Shepherd.—Far be it frae me or mine, Mr. North, to treat wi' levity one sacred subject. But gin folk would sleep in the kirk, where's the harm in sayin' that they do so? My ain opinion is that the mair dourly you set yourself to listen to no very bricht discourse, as if you had taken an oath to devour't frae stoop to roop, the mair certain-sure you are o' fa'in ower into a deep lang sleep. The verra attitude o' leaning back, and stretchin' our legs, and fixing your een in ae direction, is a most dangerous attitude; and then, gin the minister has only haction—and joking down his head, or see-sawing wi' his hauns, or eanin' ower as if he wanted to speak wi' the preceptor, or keepin' his een fixed on the roof, as if there were a hole in't lettin' in the licht o' heaven—or turnin' first to the ae side and then to the ither, that the congregation may have en equal share o' his front physiognomy as weel's his side face—or stannin bolt upright in the verra middle o' the poopit, without ever ance movin' any mair than gin he were a coop set upon end by some cantrip, and lettin' out the dry, dusty, moral apothegms wi' ae continued and monotonous grin—oh! Mr. North, Mr. North! could even an evil conscience keep awake under such soporifics, any mair than the

honestest o' men, were the banns cried for the third time, and he gaun to be married on the Monday morning?

North.—Yet, after all, James, I believe country congregations are in general very attentive.

Shepherd.—Ay, ay, sir; if two are sleepin', ten are wauken; and I seriously think that mair than ae half o' them that's sleepin' enter into the spirit o' the sermon. You see they a' hear the text, and the introductory remarks, and the heads; and fa'in asleep in a serious and solemn mood, they carry the sense along wi' them; neither can they be said no to hear an accompanying sound, so that it wadna' be just fair to assert that they lose the sermon they diana listen to; for thocht, and ideas, and feelings, keep floatin' down along the stream o' silent thocht, and when they awaken at the 'amen,' their minds, if no greatly instructed, hae been tranquilleezed; they join loudly in the ensuing psalm, and without remembering many o' the words, carry hame the feek o' the meaning o' the discourse, and a' the peculiarities o' the doctrine.

THE CLERGYMAN'S COURTSHIP.

A short time ago, a youthful "Celebs in search of a wife," purchased a corner in our journal, to declare his desire of forming a matrimonial connexion with any lady possessing certain personal qualifications. Whether it was that few of our female readers considered themselves equal to his standard of perfection, or that most of them did not relish the addresses of an anonymous wooer, we know not, but certain it is that although the advertiser seriously assured us that his "bent of love was honourable—his purpose, marriage," not more than half a dozen "sealed tenders" were given in. We don't much admire your proxy marriages, or epistolary courtships. They are sometimes attended with consequences which it requires all our philosophy to bear up against, as the following anecdote of a clergyman's marriage abundantly testifies. A Dissenting clergyman, while residing at the house of a reverend brother, for whom he had been officiating, became deeply enamoured of the *younger* of his host's two daughters.—He did not "tell his love," in expectation that absence would quench the flame which the fair lady's charms had enkindled; but alas! the sparkling eyes and sunny smiles of beauty had "caist their glamour o'er him," and when he reached home, the graceful form of his bewitching enchantress was the only object on which his mind's eye delighted to rest. Finding himself thus inextricably entangled in the meshes of love, he addressed a letter to the lady, declaring his passion in the warmest terms—received a flattering reply, and soon had the delight to find himself "a thriving wooer." Distance and other circumstances rendered a second interview impracticable; but letter followed letter, till the preliminaries of marriage were settled, and the consent of the lady's parents being obtained, the parties were proclaimed in their respective parish churches. The Reverend lover sat out on the Monday morning, on his matrimonial expedition; reached the dwelling

of his intended bride in due time, and received a kindly welcome. He had not been long in the house, till his bride elect was, as a matter of course, introduced. His heart beat almost audibly, as the music of her approaching footsteps fell upon his ear; but "what words can express his dismay and surprise," when he saw the *elder* instead of the *younger* sister ushered in as the lady of his love! His agitation was too visible, not to demand an explanation. It was given mutually, and Jonathan Grub's countenance, when he heard that "stock fell 5 per cent to-day, and would fall to the devil to-morrow," was a sorry picture of grief and disappointment, compared with that of the bridegroom's, when he discovered that in the "whirlwind of his passion," he had mistaken the name of his soul's idol, and that he had addressed, wooed, and won, the *eldest* sister. Here was a dilemma! He had, however, outwittingly, engaged the affections of the lady—obtained her parent's consent to the union—and been duly proclaimed. It was, therefore, impossible to declare off, so he, as in honor bound, allowed the marriage ceremony to proceed, and was duly united in wedlock with her to whom his faith had been so unintentionally plighted. The lady proved grateful and affectionate, and, after all, he had less reason to be dissatisfied with the wife of chance, than many have to be with the wife of choice.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE ESSENTIAL.

Lord Littleton has said in one of his admirable letters, "that the great art, if not the principal one, in acquiring a reputation, as well as preserving it, is, to know the extent of our genius, what objects are most suitable to it, in what track its propensities should be conducted, and what point to place the limits beyond which it must venture with caution, as well as the *Ne plus ultra*, whose barriers it must not venture to pass. "The man," he says, "who possesses this knowledge, and acts according to the dictates of it, will not fail to make a respectable figure in any station, and with any talents; but in a high station, and with great talents he may be secure of familiarizing his name with future ages. An ignorance of ourselves, from whatever cause it may proceed, whether from passion or want of reflection, is the origin of all our mistakes in private as well as public life. In the former, the mischief may be of narrow extent; but in the latter, the evil may effect, not only a people, but every quarter of the globe."

A little man asking, how it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with but indifferent husbands, after many fine offers? was thus aptly answered by a mountain maiden.—A young friend of hers, during a walk, requested her to go into a delightful canebrake, and there get him the handsomest reed; she must get it in once going through, without turning. She went and coming out, brought him quite a mean reed. When he asked her if that was the handsomest one she saw? "Oh, no," replied she, "I saw many finer as I went along, but I kept on in hopes of a much better until I had gotten nearly through, and then I was obliged to select the best that was left!"

SCIENTIFIC.

SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

An Italian chymist has discovered that the green colour contains the principle of the magnet, and that this colour suffices to render a needle magnetic. To produce this effect, he decomposes a ray of light, by means of a prism, and exposes a steel needle for some time to the action of the green ray; the needle soon becomes magnetic. This experiment is said to have been repeated with success at Ghent.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICE.

Mr. Beyer, the able engineer, announces that Monday next, the 17th of this month, has been agreed upon, by persons residing in various parts of Europe, to register the correct state of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, at every hour of that day; from which much important information is expected, particularly as to the relative heights of the situations of the observers, as well as some interesting facts respecting the variations of pressure of the atmosphere.

IMPROVED TELESCOPE.

Mr. Tully, of Islington, has constructed an achromatic telescope, the largest and most perfect yet made in England. The object glass of the telescope is seven inches in diameter. The glass was manufactured at Neufchatel, in Switzerland, and cost about 30*l*. the grinding and adjusting of it by Mr. Tully, are valued at 200*l*, namely, for the compound object glass alone. The length of the telescope is 12 feet; it is mounted in a temporary wooden case, and is supported on a frame, moved by pulleys and a screw; it is easily adjusted, and is perfectly steady. The magnifying powers range from 200 to 700 times; but the great excellence of the telescope consists more in the superior distinctness and brilliancy with which the objects are seen through it, than in its magnifying power. With a power of 240, the light of Jupiter is almost more than the eye can bear, and his satellites appear as bright as Sirius, but with a clear and steady light; and all the belts and spots upon the face of the planet are more distinctly defined. With a power of near 400, Saturn appears large and well defined, and is one of the most beautiful objects that can well be conceived. The great advantage which this telescope possesses over reflecting telescopes of equal size, is the greater degree of light, by which the most delicate object in the heavens is rendered distinct and brilliant.

POLISH FOR GRANITE.

The most suitable substance for giving a fine polish to granite is the powder of corundum. It is not mixed with wax, but with lac; and the greater the care taken in effecting the mixture, the finer and more durable is the polish. It is essential that the powder employed for this purpose should be extremely hard; and hence that of emery is preferred.

Burning-Glasses. Lenses of a large diameter are able to melt metals in a few seconds, on which common fires, and even glass-house furnaces have produced no effect. M. Villette, a Frenchman, nearly a century ago, constructed a mirror three feet, eleven inches in diameter, and three feet, two inches in focal distance, which melted copper ore in eight seconds, iron ore in twenty-four seconds, a fish's tooth in thirty-two seconds, cast iron in sixteen seconds, a silver sixpence in seven seconds, and tin in three seconds. This mirror condensed the solar rays seventeen thousand two hundred and fifty-seven times, a degree of heat which is about four hundred and ninety times greater than common fire. A globular decanter of water makes a powerful burning-glass; and house furniture has been set on fire by one incautiously exposed to the rays of the sun.

Effect of Lightning. Lightning has been known to restore the blind to a temporary enjoyment of sight. Mr. Campbell, a Scotch gentleman, who had been blind for several years, was led by his servant one evening through the streets of Glasgow, during a terrible thunder storm. The lightning sometimes fluttered along the street, for a quarter of an hour without ceasing. While it lasted, Mr. Campbell saw the street distinctly, and the changes which had been made in that part by taking down one of the city gates. When the storm was over, his entire blindness returned.

Ancient Painting. A frescopainting has been discovered at Pompeii, representing an eruption of Vesuvius, and several processions at the foot of the mountain. Cape Misenum and the city of Naples are in the background. This picture indicates that Vesuvius was formerly of prodigious height, and that the frequent eruptions have lowered it considerably; it also shows that the Somma did not exist, or rather, that it formed a part of Vesuvius, and has been separated from it by a volcanic eruption.

THE LITERARY CASKET.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1826.

Waverly Novels.—There has been a diversity of opinion respecting the authorship of these works, and while Sir Walter Scott has borne the palm from all others—many have doubted the claims set up by his friends, and imputed these productions to another. The recent publication of a letter from Sir Walter to Mr. Defauconpret, has kindled the subject anew, and to suppose him the author after writing this letter, would be supposing him capable of "literary coquetry," if not foolish evasion. It has been suggested, and we think with much plausibility, that these works were written by a literary club in which Sir Walter Scott has taken a very active part, and not improbably the principal agency. The rapid multiplication of these novels, the very perceptible difference in some of the volumes, and other circumstances give this suggestion weight and authority.

Sir Walter Scott.—The first delivery of M. Gasselm's new edition of Sir Walter Scott's works, in 18 mo. has appeared in Paris, and does much credit to the French editor. This delivery contains *Tales of my Landlord*, *The Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality*. It is accompan-

ied by a fac-simile of the following letter of Sir Walter Scott to the translator, denying that he is the author:—

"To M. Defauconpret, London.

"Sir—I am favoured with your letter, which proceeds on the erroneous supposition that I am the author of *Waverly* and other Novels and Tales which you have translated into French. But, as this proceeds on a mistake, though a very general one, I have no title whatsoever either to become a party to any arrangement in which that author or his works may be concerned, or to accept the very handsome compliment which you design for him.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"Edinburgh, April 15, 1826."

VARIETY.

SHOPPING.

Going a shopping is one of the most serious occupations that a young lady has got. It is a sort of exhibition. I went shopping the other day with a third cousin of mine who touched twenty-eight last Saturday to my certain knowledge, but who still looks the amiable as much as if she were only sixteen. She told me she wanted to look at some silk goods, but hang me if I could ever find out what particular kind she desired. I observed in my peregrinations, that she always went into those stores which had the most customers. She would ask to look at a piece of ribbon, then leave that for a piece of muslin, or any thing else on the counter. In the interval she looked four times into the haberdasher's mirror, told a few anecdotes of the last water party—said she spent a dull week in Trenton, and was buried alive in Catskill—"or rather," said she looking innocently, "I was like Percival's piece of ice on the top of the Pine Orchard, that turned into a smiling face and broken heart." Oh! certainly," said I, "ice enough. I'll warrant you." I observed that all the shopkeepers look grim whenever my cousin makes her appearance.—*Nat. Adv.*

Anecdotes of Weber.—Neither our manners nor our climate suited the Baron. When he was so loudly called for after the first performance of *Oberon*, he said to Mr Charles Kemble, "Mr. Kemble, for why you make de people cry so for me?" And it was with great difficulty that he was induced to make his appearance at the side scenes; not then till he had frequently exclaimed, "No, no; where is de Fawcett?" wishing him to go on and receive all the honors of the day. If he had continued to compose for our theatres, he would probably have succeeded in chastening and improving the style of our singers. On one occasion, at a rehearsal, he said—"I am ver sorry you tak so much trouble." "Oh not at all!" was the reply. "Yes," he added, "but I say yes—dat is, for why you tak de trouble to sing so many notes dat are not in de book?"

The following melancholy confession is taken from the back of a \$20 Planter's Bank note, and no doubt drawn forth by awful experience. It is distressingly pathetic indeed:—"Go, go!—twelve months ago I was worth two thousand of your amount, but alas, to-day I am not worth one dollar. Oh, Cotton! Cotton!! Cotton!!!"

Titles.—Several years ago, there was a young English nobleman figuring away at Washington. He had not much brains, but a vast number of titles. Several young ladies were in high debate going over the list—"he is Lord Viscount so and so, Baron of such country; and"—"My fair friends," exclaimed the gallant Lieutenant N., "one of his titles you appear to have forgotten." "Ah!" exclaimed they, eagerly, "what is that?" "He is *Barren of Intellect*," was the reply!

An Emperor's daughter, who was delighted with the profound learning, the lively wit, and the strict adherence to the precepts of morality and religion, which characterised her tutor, one day inadvertently, made this remark to him—"What a pity that so fine a soul as yours is not in a more agreeable body!" He made in reply the following inquiry. "In what sort of vessels, madam, is your father's wine preserved?" "In earthen vessels," was the answer. "Can that be possible?" replied he; "Why every citizen preserves his wine in earthen vessels: I should have thought that gold or silver ones would have been more suitable to the dignity of an Emperor." "You are right!" exclaimed the princess, "and henceforth this mark of respect shall not be omitted." In a few days, however, she again accosted her tutor on this subject, saying, "In the gaudy vessels you recommended, my father's wine was spoiled; the spirit evaporated; while that wine which was placed in the earthen one, improved in quality." "Very possible!" rejoined the philosopher. "So also with virtue and knowledge, the more humble the exterior of that in which they are contained, the more luxuriantly will they flourish, and the more forcibly excite our admiration."

The late Rev. Mr. Sheriff, when about to administer the ordinance of baptism one Sabbath in his chapel at Kirkaldy, (the parent being a weaver, had written the intended name for his child upon the back of his web belt,) Mr. Sheriff, in taking up the paper, turned the other side, looking attentively at it for a few seconds, he said loud enough to be heard by all the congregation, "What! are ye to ca' the bairn Blue Check?" One day, in the course of his sermon, he noticed how the pride of the human heart manifested itself, when persons, but especially young females, dressed above their station in life; pointing his finger to the pew where his own family were sitting, "Look at our ain Kate, there," says he, "as ill as any of them!"—About the fine volunteer corps were raised in Fife, a young man dressed in full uniform, entered the church one Sabbath morning, at the commencement of divine service, and although there was plenty of room in the pews, he stood in the passage, exposing his person to the view of all the congregation. As soon as Mr. Sheriff had read & explained the Psalm, he turned to the stranger and addressed him thus:—"Tak' a seat, young man, and we'll a' look at your bra' breeks when the kirk is out."

Maid vs. Widow.—An article of traffic very prevalent among the Turcomans will strike the reader as curious and unique. The Turcoman takes a wife, and it is said, will give in the proportion of ten to one, more for a widow than a maid. A lady that has been married, and acquired any degree of celebrity for skill in housewifery, will fetch from two to four thousand roubles. The average price of a maiden, unskilled in the economy of a household, is from two to four hundred only.

A patent has lately been granted, in England, for improvement in bricks, stones and other materials, for the better ventilation of houses.

Actress mistaken for a Bishop.—On occasion of an expected visit from the Bishop of Belley, the whole village of Nantau, in France, was in uproar, the whole congregation on foot, the banners were displayed, and the people went half a league to meet him. Men, women and children flocked along the route by which the worthy pastor was to pass. The strife was who should see him first. In the midst of the clouds of dust a carriage appeared: it is that of Monseigneur, cried the villagers—and suddenly all fell upon their knees, imploring the benediction of the prelate. The carriage passed through the midst of the kneeling crowd—the Bishop did not show himself at the door. A voice cried out, "My Lord Bishop, the benediction if you please! the benediction!" Silent still! No one answered; but they heard, or thought they heard, the sound of laughter. They rose from their knees, and escorted the carriage. But what was the disappointment of the good villagers, when on arriving at Nantau, they found that the person whom they had escorted was Madame Dufrenoy, the tragic actress, on an indefinite furlough during the construction of the Grand Theatre at Lyons who had arrived with her company to give performances in the village. The equipage of his lordship the Bishop arrived a few moments afterwards; but the crowd had dispersed, and the streets were deserted.

Barefoot Love.—Married, on the 14th of August, at Marietta, Pen. the accomplished Mr. Silas Fuller, to the amiable Mrs. Williams, widow of the late Mr. J. Williams, deceased. We are informed that the bridegroom, out of pure love, for the darling of his heart appeared at the hymeneal altar barefooted. This manifested genuine love.

DUELING.—The first duel that was ever fought in the Union, was in New-England. In 1624, a year after the first settlement of those states, two servants, burning with fierce resentment against each other, chose what was then called the "honourable way" in France and England, of quenching their enmity. They met on the field—bravely fought—but both escaped unhurt. The puritans of those days instantly seized them, and for such a "misleading and ungodlike crime against the good order of theyre society," they condemned the wicked transgressors to be tied hand and foot, and to wholly abstain for the space of twenty-four hours from drink and food. This salutary example withered in the bud all sorte of duels in those ancient colonies.

Indian Observation.—It would be a pity not to preserve the following anecdote which displays so much of that accuracy of observation which is known to be the characteristic of our red brethren of the West:—An Indian upon his return home to his hut one day, discovered that his venison which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. After taking observations upon spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. After going some distance he met some persons of whom he inquired, if they had not seen a little, old white man, with a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog with a bob tail? They replied in the affirmative, and upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison they desired to be informed how he was able to give such a minute description of a person whom he had not seen. The Indian answered thus:—"The thief I know is a little man, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon in order to reach the venison

from the height I hang it, standing on the ground;—that he is an old man, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; and that he is a white man I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be short, by the mark which the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of the tree on which it leaned;—that his dog is small I know by his tracks, and that he has a bob-tail, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat."

LITERARY NOTICES.

From the "Literary Reports" of the English Periodicals for July, we gather the following:—

The Complete works of Chateaubriand are about to be published in five and twenty volumes, divided into four distinct parts.

Memoirs of the life of M. G. Lewis, Esq. author of "The Monk" are preparing for publication.

The Golden Violet, with its tales of Romance and Chivalry, and other Poems, by L. E. L. will be published early in autumn.

Memoirs of the life and reign of Alexander I. Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias by Dr. Lyall, will be published shortly in 2 vols. octavo.

"Death's Doings," a fearful title, is announced by Mr. R. Dagley, author of Select gems from the Antique, Takings, and other works.

The Life of George Washington, Commander in Chief of the American Army through the Revolutionary War; and the first President of the United States. By Aaron Bancroft D. D. Boston. 2 vols. 18mo. pp. 224 and 218.

History of the State of New York. By Joseph W. Moulton. Part II. New York.

Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia. 8vo. pp. 208.

A sketch of the First Settlement of the several Towns on or in Long Island, with their Political Conditions to the End of the American Revolution. By Hon. Silas Wood. Revised Edition.

An Experimental Treatise on Optics, comprehending the Leading Principles of the Science, and an Explanation of the more important and curious Optical Instruments and Optical Phenomena; being the Third Part of a Course of Natural Philosophy, compiled for the Use of the Students in the University of Cambridge, New England. By John Farrar, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. Boston 8vo. pp. 349.

The Medical Formulary; being a Collection of Prescriptions, derived from the Writings and Practice of many of the most Eminent Physicians in America and England. To which is added, an Appendix, &c. By Benjamin Ellis, M. D. Philadelphia. 8vo. pp. 108.

Hints to My Countrymen. By An American. New York. 12mo. pp. 216.

Poems, Religious, Moral, Sentimental, and Humorous; with a Sketch of the Author's Life and Captivity in Tripoli. By William Ray. Second Edition.

The Harvest Festival, with other Poems. By F. S. H. Boston. 18mo. pp. 79.

The History of the Buccaneers of America. In Three Volumes. New York. 18mo.

The Works of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke, reprinted from the last London Edition. Boston. 8vo.

Elegant Extracts; or Copious Selections of Instructional, Moral, Entertaining Passages from the most Eminent Prose Writers. Vol. I. To be completed in Twelve Volumes. Boston. 18mo. pp. 284.

The History of the Crusades, for the Recovery and Possession of the Holy Land. By Charles Mills First American, from the Third London Edition. 8vo.

Scenes of Wealth, or Views and Illustrations of Trade, Manufactures, Commerce, Produce, &c.; with Sixty-eight Copperplate Engravings. By the Rev. Isaac Taylor. Hartford. 12mo. pp. 168.

THE LITERARY CASKET.

[Original.]

The Rosebuds.

Oh! I do love to sit and gaze
On those bright summer gems,
Those two unfolding buds that grace,
Their tender little stems.

I love that bonny bloom of red,
I love that half-closed lip,
I love that gently drooping head
That seems as if 'twould weep.

I love those leaves unfolding bright
To greet the morning rays,
I love that soft and hallowed light
That o'er each leaflet plays.

I love to look, and think how frail
Those lovely rosebuds are,
How soon their beauties all will fail,
And leave no fragrance there.

Ye have a voice, sweet, transient flowers!
That speaks unto my soul—
Ye tell me of departed hours—
Ye make the big tear roll.

Those angel spirits—now no more—
Two infant daughters mine—
Ye are so like to them—so pure,
So frail, ye, so divine!

Like them ye droop in silence, riven
From off the parent tree—
Their father went before to heaven,
They staid to weep with me!

They came and bloomed one little spring,
They blushed in Summer's beam,
But ere their mouth had taken wing,
Both withered like a dream.

Blow on, sweet buds!—your date so brief
Is spending, while I weep—
Blow on—while I, to soothe my grief,
A mother's vigils keep.

I'll guard you from the scorching ray,
And from the chilling dew,
And, as ye melt in tears away,
Feel all my wo anew.

And I will muse you, while ye fade,
Upon a mother's breast,
And ye shall seem as when I laid
Those lovely babes to rest.

U. U. 57

Rosina! See that lovely flower—
How fair! how fragrant too!
Move but one step—and in an hour
Will fade, its fairest hue.

That flower, when sweetness scents the air,
Is reputation dear.
One step—'twill crush it, now so fair,
And what is left? a tear.

A tear? Yes tears—a flood of tears
Will ne'er bring back again
What once is lost—no angels tears
Can ne'er wash out the stain.

M.

TO MISS T. F. H.

How oft when musing in my cell,
Does fancy take her flight;
And on the rosy feature dwell
With rapturous delight.

How bright she paints the future hour
When free from worldly strife,
Sequestered in some lonely bower
With thee, my love,—my life!

The remnant of my days to spend
In calm domestic ease,
Whilst beauty, wealth and worth shall lend
Their varied power to please.

I raise my voice, O Heaven, to Thee!
And hearken to my prayer;
And say my musings shall not be
A dream of empty air!

K.

Written on the Death of Miss Julia *****

Oh, weep not for those whom the night of the grave,
In youth's brightest bloom, hath conceal'd from our eyes;
Ere sorrow could darken, or sin could enslave,
The soul that was destin'd to shine in the skies.

Oh! weep not for Julia, tho' gone is the light,
And the lovely expression of beauty decay'd;
Her spirit hath flown where no sorrow can blight,
Nor anguish can torture, nor sickness invade.

Death tore her away in the bright morn of spring,
Ere a cloud o'er its loveliest splendor was thrown;
An angel from heaven call'd her spirit to wing
Its flight to the skies;—and that spirit has flown.

Oh, mourn not for her in affliction's dark hour,
Tho' all that was lovely and gay round her shone;
Her soul is reposing in Eden's bright bower,
And on this dark valley "looks radiantly down."

W.

On the Death of a Young Lady.

Oh! thou wert beautiful as light,—
And seem'd almost one sent from heav'n,
To stay here for some failing, slight,
Till death proclaim'd thy crime forgiv'n.

Else why, when all around was gay
And smiling, would'st thou heave the sigh,—
And coldly gaze, and sadly say,
T'was sweet in death's embrace to lie?

Life seem'd a weariness to thee;
And oft thine eye would seem to ache,
Because oblig'd, per force, to see,
Things which thy spirit would forsake.

But fare thee well!—'tis sad to see
Beauty's fair flower nipp'd in its prime,—
And sad to think that some there be,
Who long to wither ere their time.

T. E.

THE BURYING PLACE.

There is a melancholy pleasure, when
At the still and silent hour of night,
One ranges o'er the gloomy burying place.
There is a tall white marble stone that tells
Beneath the sod on which you careless tread,
Lies a fair one—who, when in life,

Was fair, was gay, and who, perhaps,
Possess'd a heart proud and virtuous.
Here a row of stones designates,
Where lies a father's and a mother's bones,
And round them all their little infant brood
Who by some dire disease were swept away,
And left the busy circles of the world.
But yonder, yonder, stands the sable bier,
O'er the fresh earth that lies upon the breast
Of him, perhaps, who but one month ago,
Was your gayest and most intimate companion.
Look there and learn that man is mortal.

S.

THE INVOCATION.

BY MRS. HENARE.

Answer me, burning Stars of night!
Where is the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight,
Even as a breeze hath flown?

—And the stars answer'd me—"We roll
In light and power on high,
But, of the never-dying soul,
Ask things that cannot die!"

O, many toned and chainless Wind,
Thou art a wanderer free,
Tell me if thou its place can find,
Far over mount and sea?

—And the Wind murmur'd in reply,
"The blue deep I have cross'd,
And met its harks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost."

Ye Clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race has run?

—The bright Clouds answer'd "We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart,
For that which cannot die!"

Speak, then, thou voice of God within,
Though of the deep low tone!
Answer me through life's restless din,
Where is the Spirit flown?

—And the voice answered, "Be thou still!
Enough to know is given;
Clouds, Winds, and Stars, their task fulfil,
Thine is to trust in heaven!"

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THE WREATH.

[Original.]

The Rosebuds.

Oh! I do love to sit and gaze
On those bright summer gems,
Those two unfolding buds that grace,
Their tender little stems.

I love that bonny bloom of red,
I love that half-closed lip,
I love that gently drooping head
That seems as if 'twould weep.

I love those leaves unfolding bright
To greet the morning rays,
I love that soft and hallowed light
That o'er each leaflet plays.

I love to look, and think how frail
Those lovely rosebuds are,
How soon their beauties all will fail,
And leave no fragrance there.

Ye have a voice, sweet, transient flowers!
That speaks unto my soul—
Ye tell me of departed hours—
Ye make the big tear roll.

Those angel spirits—now no more—
Two infant daughters mine—
Ye are so like to them—so pure,
So frail, yet so divine!

Like them ye droop in silence, riven
From off the parent tree—
Their father went before to heaven,
They staid to weep with me!

They came and bloomed one little spring,
They blushed in Summer's beam,
But ere their month had taken wing,
Both withered like a dream.

Blow on, sweet buds!—your date so brief
Is spending, while I weep—
Blow on—while I, to soothe my grief,
A mother's vigils keep.

I'll guard you from the scorching ray,
And from the chilling dew,
And, as ye melt in tears away,
Feel all my wo anew.

And I will muse you, while ye fade,
Upon a mother's breast,
And ye shall seem as when I laid
Those lovely babes to rest.

U. U. 17

Rosina! See that lovely flower—
How fair! how fragrant too!
Move but one step—and in an hour
Will fade, its fairest hue.

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And coldly gaze, and sadly say,
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Beneath the sod on which you careless tread,
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Was fair, was gay, and who, perhaps,
Possess'd a heart proud and virtuous.
Here a row of stones designates,
Where lies a father's and a mother's bones,
And round them all their little infant brood
Who by some dire disease were swept away,
And left the busy circles of the world.
But yonder, yonder, stands the sable bier,
O'er the fresh earth that lies upon the breast
Of him, perhaps, who but one month ago,
Was your gayest and most intimate companion.
Look there and learn that man is mortal.

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BY MRS. MENANS.

Answer me, burning Stars of night!
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That past the reach of human sight,
Even as a breeze hath flown?
—And the stars answer'd me—"We roll
In light and power on high,
But, of the never-dying soul,
Ask things that cannot die!"

O, many-toned and chainless Wind,
Thou art a wanderer free,
Tell me if thou its place can find,
Far over mount and sea?
—And the Wind murmur'd in reply,
"The blue deep I have cross'd,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost."

Ye Clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race has run?
—The bright Clouds answer'd "We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart,
For that which cannot die!"

Speak, then, thou voice of God within,
Though of the deep low tone!
Answer me through life's restless din,
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—And the voice answered, "Be thou still!
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